used "Bloomsbury" as a convenient hold all for
~~[illegible]~~ of everything silly, cheap, indecent, conceited & so on.
When which I wrote to him: all the people
I most respect & admire have been what you call
"Bloomsbury". Then, though you have every right to
despise & dislike them, you can't expect me to
agree. Moreover, to use a general term, like this,
~~which~~ without giving instances & names, so
that the people you sneer at can defend
themselves, seems to me a ~~coward~~ cowardly
subterfuge, of which you ought to be ashamed.
Anyhow, never come & see me, who live in
Bloomsbury, again." (Shaving I see talks of Bloomsbury too)

And as you have cut more fiddles on that
low — I admit all the cheap journalists ever
since Roger & Lytton died, have been jumping on it, —
I decided: which colour is not favourable to
criticism: an art that should be impersonal;
& so I won't tell you what I think of your
article, for this second reason too. The first
however, is the more important (to use a
Bloomsbury word) I've read almost all
Baring; & to sum up our differences would, as I
say, use more time & brain power than are mine.
Lord! how I loathe Wolfingism.

Yours V.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

to show there no black blood between us. Return the remark in the article. Please - This is a sincere request. the remark about By word important. Saturday

Bloomsbury still! Aug 22. 1936

Ga, She no doubt) wrote two violately (this upset to By.) & upset thought a moment) would have held my hen. Certainly appear that being abused is a compliment. And for the most part I don't turn a hair, accepting it for such (this' now & then they rile me about letters, whom they felt with broken bottles perpetually).

The thing that set me off thought was the young man. who forced himself on me, in the middle of the morning: talked endlessly: then went off. wrote not only a sheet of but an account of my dog, Chair, "Queen of Bloomsbury" monkey. in and the cheap jokes thats. he to know what would interest me, and. he to know how that word, Hoo has crystallized in your about a independent mind into the symbol of all you despise: as he gamplishes) have just been told by... Oh we "! Uncle M. Barnes or dead at all."!

I said "Do you mean by we "? He said "well yes Bloomsbury.

can put it like that – if you like." "Good
God what a "clever" place By. must be, I said.
Do they believe in God?" And he said
"Why? do you?" (a shrug) ES.
Yes, but then I don't live in By. so know
no better." I don't think I locate my
prejudices so very accurately. But enough: enough!
What I wanted to say – no time though – is
that yr. article raised so many questions about
the art of writing I don't dig them up without
a pickaxe & patience – Both lacking.
So will only ask one simple & material
question: why do you write as in B.
as the Hood in need of recognition, when
in fact, as I hear, his balls are large,
his reputation great, his public devoted?
I thought the permeation of that protest as if you were
Pleasant pleading on his behalf. coloured
the article rather too strongly. Now I won't say,
as I have seen the tip of his tongue. that
"recognition" – no I won't say it, more
especially as (. is waiting to take this to
the Post.
Above By. as much as you like, –

Rota 2. vi. 43

NYPL

I take this second sheet — a proof of health, for I've scarcely written a letter — all cards — mostly illegible — to say how you grow on me — but that odd? absence; thinking of some one — then the real feeling has room to expand. like the sight that one only sees afterwards: is that peculiar to me, a commen to all? Anyhow, lying in bed, or restlessly tossing hours I could hardly read, over & over again I've thought of you: & dwelt on your affection — Lord, how that pleased me, what you used to Dotty — as between a red deer I could see & fat hot thrush the mist. And what a rubbish friend you are! Telling all those people not to bother me! So many going seems visit that I ought to do this & that — yr, on the contrary accept me, & dont flatter & fuss me. And then how I adore your broad human bottom — how it kindles me to think of you, worried & bothered. Yet lunching at a party of 12, & I'm convinced keeping the table in an uproar; & plunging like a blue Italian dolphin into all the nets & jewells; always battling & battering — &

with it all keeping a mushroom sensibility intact.
Just enough: as – who was it? – would say.
What should like would be that you showed
come one of these days to Wolton, & let us
meet calmly & quietly – the packed
rest is what gives my brain a screw.
Still I'm so much better, I daresay it
could stand a screw.

Now what else? Oh of course
time some day tell me about Dotty. I've
always wondered how the Vita affair
went with her. My relations were
a good deal obscured by Vita – I mean,
the left Dotty originally. Thank, mostly
on my account.

A dull letter this: but it
must go in unless with any flow
these 3 months.

V.

NYPL

Here's the post: a letter from Colebrook mentioning
casually to come in August: but so harried,
telling her home, one can't but pity her.

ROTA 2.4.63

Ah Maurice

Monte Verene.

Wednesday. 26 Aug 1936

I was horribly sad — this is genuine — reluctant, when I wrote you that post card. (It was the result of an argument I wanted to see you: Nena & Leonard both argued against me). The fact is, I'd been steeling to finish a load of proofs, & then brought on another bout. The very day your wire came.

I said, & I think truly, that to see you for a short time would do me nothing but good. But then as they said, suppose it brings on another headache, what then? Still, I suppose I'm right. But we must clear it. And I know, Shel dear, that you understand my position without

my saying it— how I have to consider the appalling
weariness I am to L: and that he is.

If I should overcome this & before Sunday, I'll
telephone: but I won't try to over persuade him:
Arthur wine made our peace about Roy.
I should never have dived up into Surrey if
I hadn't been on the strain. And what was
the use of the strain? — for it clearly unfavourable
to be done by mid September: so the book
must wait till after Xmas.

Rota 2. 4. 63

I think myself presently exaggerate, as far as I am
concerned, the effect of Francis's religion.
I read him purely, as I hope I read everybody.
Agnostic, does Dante's religion make any
difference, or Milton's? No. Think all
convictions, of whatever kind & held as M. holds his,
strengthen the view; what would L's
writing be without his fanaticism!
It works nicely into the fibre, & one can't
exclude it, isolate it, or subtract it. No,
Whatever part parcel of the whole. No,
I should never feel any grudge against
M's religion in his novels; & indeed,
until you laid that emphasis on it

I had swallowed it down unconsciously.
His Maurya as an artist, dear, creator,
that scares me. Still, as I've long
known, I'm always in blinkers about
contemporary work. I cannot widen my
eyes sufficiently from my own preoccupations;
the flare of my own wretched little farthing
candle is always in my eyes. I hardly
trust my view as reader of words to this
Nazarite Jesus now. ~~And~~ I think how utterly I
appreciate Lawrence; ~~xx~~ — I gave way to
you completely. I only register the fact of
my blindness. Of course the
autobiography I enjoyed immensely: but
that's different: that doesn't come across
my line of vision. I see it as it is:
& when this work is over (as torn up) I shall
do nothing but see my friends. I long
for human intercourse. Yes, you'll have
too much of me. And I think
might be seeing you today! Without
flattery (true true) there are few
things I should like better. And perhaps I shall
before you go. V.

Monks Wear, 4th Sept. 1936

About Maurice Baring — the article I mean: no
as usual I wasn't in a fit state to judge,
therefore only hazarded an opinion, I'm
sorry you handed it on, in any form, to him.
But perhaps you didn't: I hope not.
As usual, too, I recognise, even if, his merits,
I probably was unfair, if rather
~~tit~~. titivated up for an author's ears
in what I said to him about C.
The thing is, I think he's a very difficult
case: I should want a great deal
of patient work to disengage
my true opinion from my flurry
of jarred feelings: that's all about
N.B. But please don't let him
think for a moment that I'm hostile.
No; not in the least. (And him
personally I always particularly
like — find him curiously sympathetic.)
again, that's all.

Well I lay low. I am nobody. I am better
again — much better: indeed, when this
work is done, I expect a year or two of
the highest health: I generally get
Thursdon after one of these collapses. That what
both me thought. And psychologically
they have their advantages — one visits such
remote strange places, lying in bed. If I can this,
I shall plod on this month; a finish, if I can,
down here.
Dreitwich must be the very hell. Thaden
half-brother, who used to visit Angela the London
season; when he'd rather drunk every night too well
But that not your care. Any nice letter from
Vita, who asks me to stay? And if
I can I may fly a day there. And Joyce is
engaged ...
It was an effort to think I might have had a
good touch with you & did not. No
grammar in that sentence. No coherence in
my mind. And are you loud enough?
And tell me how you feel physically

Eta 2.V.63

NYPL

Monks House, 18th Sept. 1936

Yes, I've been a beast not to write, but then that's a compliment to you, for I feel, as you will, my mind. She'll ponder the obligations of keeping such a wicked an understanding mind. I've had such a burst of health this part 10 day, I didn't know myself; a real burst, even one can get on proofs, in the wild belief that I might get finish in time for the autumn. So I didn't write a single note. Now though marvellously fresh, I've used up my fiction vein; can't see a word. I've written clearly, & so must stop again. (what interrupts more than anything is the pressure of other books I want to write. What the curse of my brain: it's either dry or flood— no medium). But you asked a practical question, which I will put to it the moment I can catch him. I'm always losing him in the Garden. He's up a tree, or behind a hedge.

I've not been to Rita, but plan to go next week, for the afternoon: a plan that can be broken. What else! O The Red Prelude. Have you read it lately? Do you know, its so. Good, so succulent, so suggestive, that I have to

hoard it, as a child keeps a crumb of cake? And then
people say he's dull! Why have we no great poet?
You know that what would keep us straight: but
for our sins we only have a few pipers on hedges like
Keats & Tom Eliot & de la Mare — & even frail
twittering voices one has to put hollow one's hand to
hear, whereas old W^m fills the room. Now
they're mending the church. Tap tap tap... it
drives me wild, the care of your religion. At Virginia
will have it, my garden room is immediately
below the spire. Read, in a casual way, master of
books. Who I felt for Bertie Russell has sent us, to
publish, his father's & mother's old letters — sweepings of
old desks — 2,000 pages: so fascinating a tragic, I
love almost as much as the Amberleys in the 60's
as here & now. Oh this tap, tap.... And are
you better? I can see you floating in a sea sheet of
white brine, unable to sink: but has it distract you
yours? Last night, being wakeful, I had recourse
to Queen Victoria (you, I mean, in the heart of my) &
the immortal lady in the train, who made me
laugh aloud in the merciless. What a gift you have!
This is not titivated, nor am), to you, I think: but flattering.
By the way, I was asking myself a Q, how can
Ethel like anything I write? It seems to me,

Rota 2.V.63

NYPL

(I am waiting for Leonard) that you can't wholly & truthfully, apart from me as a personality, get anything from those little books. Not if you don't know me. When you're time one day, tell me honestly about this. It would interest me enormously. Criticism – I mean a report; but never yet. only praying a caller waiting. What's wrong what's right.

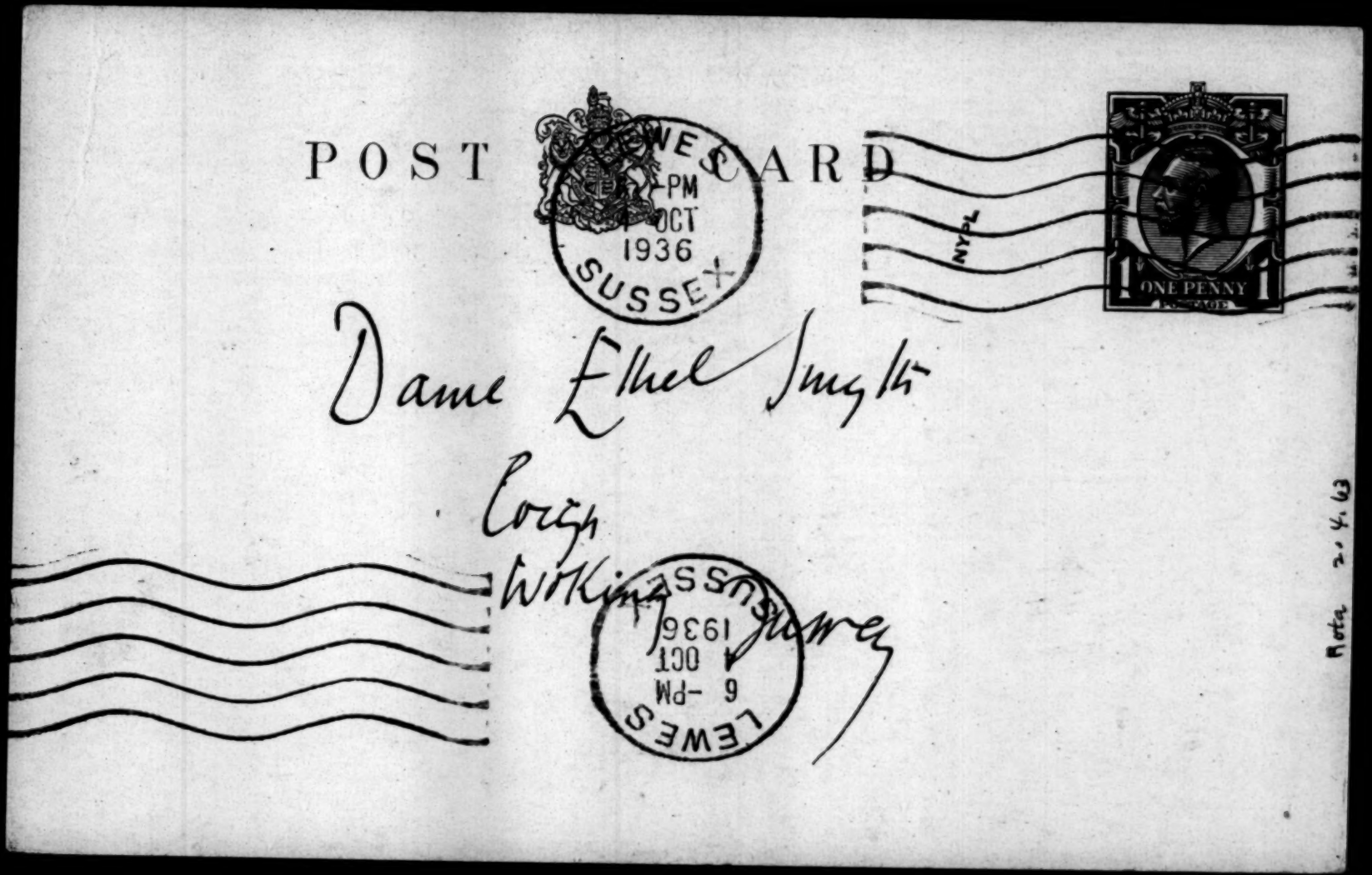
There! Yes, he thinks you're right as far as he can tell. It seems fair. he says.

Oh what a mercy coming over the heath. clop tap tap ... the Lord must have his own, Even if V. W. has to pay for it.

Well what a dull distracted Ass! But I'm so happy. so ~~well~~. And you?

Tell me. do you go to Stratford? I forget it almost, whether still. the next morning motor &
he had any where – in any place.

V.


POST CARD
LEWES SUSSEX 4 PM 4 OCT 1936
ONE PENNY
Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking Surrey
LEWES SUSSEX 6 PM 6 OCT 1936
Rota 2.4.63